

**MRS. T. D. MORRIS**, Sworn for the State. I am personally acquainted with Mrs. May Barrett. On April 26, 1913, Mrs. May Barrett, Mrs. Maud Bailey, and myself and my daughter, Florence Earnest, went to Moons Shoe Store on Mitchell Street between 9 and 10 o'clock. Mrs. Barrett said she had to go to the pencil factory so she left us at the corner of Mitchell and Forsyth Streets. After Mrs. Barrett left us we went to Duffys, on the corner of Mitchell and Forsyth Streets. We finished our business in Duffys and came out and waited on the corner for Mrs. Barrett. She did not come back as soon as we expected her to, so Mrs. Maud Bailey asked me to go down to the National Pencil Company's place of business with her to get her mother. I said to Maud I won't go upstairs, I will stay down here and wait for you. Stewart Ave car came along and my daughter Florence said to me "let's go home". I said "I can't I have Maud's umbrella. When my daughter boarded the car and while I stayed in the doorway of the National Pencil Factory there was an old negro man sitting down on a box at the right hand side of a person as they went into the the [sic] factory, in other words, the man sat at the north of the entrance. Three white men were standing out in front of the pencil company. While I was standing in front of this building two ladies came down and went across Forsyth up Hunter St. One was a tall lady and the other was low and chunky. There was a tall, slim negro sitting on the inside of the door and he came out and sat down by the side of the negro who I first saw sitting on a box. I have today looked at this man that I saw sitting on a box in front of the factory, on April 26, 1913, and I am inform- that this man's name is Truman McCrary. I remained in front of the pencil factory until Mrs. Barrett and Mrs. Bailey came down. I and Mrs. Maud Bailey left Mrs. Barrett at the grocery store and we caught a Stewart Avenue car at the corner of Mitchell and Forsyth Streets. As we were about to catch the car we heard the 12 o'clock whistles blow. When I got home it was twenty minutes past 12 o'clock. About a week after the death of Mary Phagan, I was talking to Mrs. Barrett on the corner of Wells and Stewart Ave. I asked her what she thought of the murder, as to who was guilty and she stated that she believed Mr. Frank was guilty and I remarked that she would have to go to court to testify in the case and she stated that she could not help that. Job or no job she had to tell the truth. I had a conversation with Maud Bailey about a week after this occurrence.

Miss Maud stated that she knew a lot about the pencil factory and that she thought Mr. Frank guilty, and if she had to testify she would say that she believed Mr. Frank was guilty. Last Saturday morning, Mrs. Bailey came to my homse [sic], 39 Oomulgee Street and stated to me that the detectives representing Mr. Frank sent for her several times at the Dixie Comb Company to come to the pencil factory, and she stated that a detective asked her if she did not want to go back to work at the pencil factory, saying that they would give her a good job, and she told them that she would not work there for \$5 a day. Thes[e] detectives paid her carfare and her time while she was away from her work. I have been knowing Mrs. Mae Barrett and her daughter Mrs. Maud Bailey going on two years. They lived next door to me on Wells Street last year. I do not know anything about Mrs. Mae Barrett or Mrs. Maud Bailey that is good or bad. I do know that it is generally know that Mrs. Mae Barrett drinks whiskey and gets drunk at times. I have heard Mrs. Maud Bailey on several occasions speak to my children of knowing Mary Phagan and how pretty she was and what pretty hair she had. I have stated these facts to nobody and would not have stated it now if it hadn't been for the fact that I read a newspaper account of the evidence purpo[r]ted to have been given in the shape of an affidavit by Mrs. Maud Bailey. I knew that this statement as to the time of her being at the pencil factory was false. I knew that she was with me and she was obliged to know that what she stated was not the truth.